

Cehigh REVIEW



Passing In REVIEW

• COVER

Best Santa Claus any Lehigh man can know is E. Robbins Morgan, the unbewhiskered Saint Nick at left and below. Morgan is University Placement Director. His presents are jobs, and his benevolence is limited only by the capacity of industry to employ and the New Deal (NYA) to spend. He gives jobs to poor but honest underclassmen, and sees that over 80 percent of Lehigh's graduates get some sort of placement. Right now his office is having seniors fill out involved how-much-did-youmake-last-summer and whois-your-old-man cards to help him get them jobs. He also wants photographs of seniors so that he can show prospective employers what the '39 rolling stock looks

• CHRISTMAS

The season of peace on earth and good will to men has come again to Bethlehem, and the Chamber of Commerce is doing its darndest to

over, please

Joe Boyle

Harry Harchar

D E C E M B E R • 1 9 3 8

CHRISTMAS COMES TO BETHLEHEMFrank Norris	7
N. Y. AMilton Spilberg	. 8
YOUTH AND DEMOCRACYDavid Hughes	
NO EDUCATION FOR ENGINEERS	. 10
THE YEARS FALL Eric Weiss	. 12
NATIONALISM Parked Sachkarla	12

Cartoons

Books

Disc Data

Photographs

Twenty Cents





CIGARETTES! An ever-welcome gift! But certainly you want to give the best. To be certain, give Luckies. For sworn records show that, among independent to bacco experts ... auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen... Luckies have twice as many exclusive smok-

ers as have all other cigarettes put together.

And, only Luckies give you the throat protection of the exclusive "Toasting" process. Toasting takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco. So Luckies are a light smoke—easy on your throat.

Sworn Records Show That - WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST-IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

PASSING IN REVIEW

. . from the cover

see that this shall be a Christmas the local businessmen will never forget. Propaganda boosting Bethlehem as "the Christmas City" is being sent out, and the business sections on both sides of the river and the bridge connecting them have been gaily bedecked with red and green electric bulbs. Public-spirited Mrs. Eugene Grace herself threw the switch which turned on the bulbs.



BETHLEHEM AND LEHIGH
No wall along Packer Avenue . . .

Each year the incandescent show costs upwards of 20,000 dollars.

There are some obvious things to be said by editorial writers on Christmas this year. Brotherhood and love are to be contrasted with the fratricide and militant hate current abroad and at home, and the obvious conclusion reached that if the principles of Christmas were really to be abided by, this would be a much happier world.

But Mussolini sends more bombing planes and fascisti to the rape of Spain, Hitler continues to chant his hymn of hate, and Tom Mooney still sits quietly in a California jail.

There are also some obvious Christmas conclusions to be reached concerning Bethlehem.

The most obvious of these is that the 20,000 dollar electric advertising fund might better be used for any number of purposes, including the purchase of a decent water system for the city. It might even be used in bringing Christmas to Bethlehem's many poor. Christ was supposedly not chairman of the Bethlehem Chamber of Commerce, and if there was an electric glow about the man it was in the warmth of his heart and the strength of his convictions of brotherhood.

• A. S. U.

We sent our Joe Boyle and Dave Hughes to cover the convention of the American Student Union in Philadel-

phia a few Saturdays ago. Neither of them knew anything about the A. S. U., and we felt that they could bring back an unbiased word and picture estimate of that controversial bunch of live wires. They went, came back, wrote the story on page 9 of this issue.

It seems they liked the group so much that now they want to form an A. S. U. chapter at Lehigh. This is where a little story comes in.

It seems that another group of undergraduates last semester also wanted to start a Lehigh chapter of A. S. U. They circulated a petition as prescribed by the University regulations, got more than enough signatures, and turned in the document to the Dean's office.

No action has been taken on the petition since it was turned in last May!

• SHOP TALK

Our assistant editor FRANK NORRIS is a sort of diamond in the rough. He never wrote anything before ex-editor Gottlieb button-holed that "Hobby-Hobo" series out of him last semester. He has been growing. We feature in this issue (page 7) his poem "Bethlehem, the Christmas City," one of the most mature and finely conceived poems we have ever printed. It will certainly cause the lifting of a number of eyebrows and the banging of a number of fists on desks. For it is not a pretty-pretty Christmas poem. It is, unfortunately, an honest piece of writing . . . ARTS MAN wishes to remain anonymous for good reason. The Review does not necessarily share the opinions he expresses (page 10), but we insist that we shall continue to present student opinions rather than the mass opinion of the student body . . . Associate editor ERIC WEISS treads on dangerously autobiographical ground in his story (page 12) "The Years Fall" . . . The N. Y. A. story (page 8) was originally scheduled for publication last month, but B. & W. man SPILBERG holds down an N. Y. A. job himself, plus a drugstore job, plus a stiff school schedule. So he never got it in for that issue. In fact the lazy lout turned in his copy two days after printer's deadline for this issue! . . .

• VALENTINES

For the last several terms we have picked up loose change by working every mid-semester on the Dean's Valentine Team. This is a ghoulish and morbid occupation at best, and it is with vibrating heartstrings that we see good men fall low and send failure notices to our friends and their parents.

Each team (there are two) is composed of nine men. At the head of the table sits The Caller. He yells out the bad news, reading from a card index. On each side of the table sit three assorted Scribes, whose duty it is to record the black mark for the Dean, the student, the parent, the living group and posterity. At the foot of the table sit the Student Stuffer and the Parent Stuffer. These dour faced individuals stuff the hateful missives in envelopes and give the gummed flaps the final kiss of death.

It all sounds like pretty awful business, but we of the V. T. have our little humors. How we chuckled when we learned that a certain proud parent was to receive eleven (11) valentines in one batch! It seems he has two sons at Lehigh. Student A got 5 valentines; brother B got 6.

And with what sardonic humor we roared at the feeble

The Lehigh Review

PASSING IN REVIEW . . .

from page one

decency of the prof who wrote on one of his valentine reports to the Dean: "This failure notice is merely formal, the student is doing good work."

NOTES IN PASSING

POST GRID INTELLIGENCE: Though couched in soft words, the Parsons articles on Lehigh's football status in the "Alumni Bulletin" are really masterpieces of understatement. They voice a growing feeling among alumni that Lehigh should have winning teams, even if they have to be bought and paid for. We predict: in three years either Lehigh will abolish football entirely, or we will have some sort of alumni-sponsored subsidy for Lehigh footballers . . . SEX TALK: A font of rubber Cheltenham to the "B. & W." for its sponsoring of Madame Whatwashername in Lehigh's first real sex talk. Judging from the packed auditorium, (they even sat in the aisles) Lehigh needs a regular course of that sort . . . THE ROOSHIANS: Don Cossacks Choir went over big. Student Concert Lecture Committee (of which we are a member, but no matter) deserves orchids for what looks like most successful season yet. We were back stage during performance giving moral support to brother committee-man Charlie Moesel as he pulled the curtain. Cocky, tiny Serge Jaroff, the director, fascinated us. We learned, inci-



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dentally, what he does between numbers when he struts back of the chorus. He takes out a small tuning fork, vibrates it in his ear, and sings the key softly to his choir. Kingly autograph reproduced on this page is little Serge's . . . ADD CAROTHERS' CLASSROOM QUOTES: "This course flunks more men than any other course I know, including calculus . . . Every dog on the campus except that giant Schnarzel brute is a friend of mine . . . A



friend of mine pushed a very small sum up to two million dollars . . . The only economic justification of marginal purchase is that eventually the smart guys will own the country. And that's good for the country . . . The New Deal was the first administration to clean it (Stock Exchange) up . . . But I don't like the way it (Securities and Exchange Commission) has been run, and the men who run it . . . U. S. Steel stock is all water . . . Even the apes have private property . . . You can't make dogmatic assertions in economics. It's too dangerous."





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Chapter
In cigarette
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TUNE IN on Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with Bob Benchley, every Sunday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

THE NIGHT THAT HE CRIED IN MY BEER

by Joseph B. Boyle, '39

"'Scuse me, want'a pass me those pretzels please?"

"Sure young fella, here yar! I suppose you're one of those college boys, aren't cha?"

"Yeah! Why,"

"Well nothing particular, except I sort'a feel sorry for you kids these days."

"Waddya mean?"

"Well! Look, here your father spends a lot of money on ya givin' ya an education and what good does it do?



There aren't any jobs."

"Oh! I don't know about that."

"Son, I know what I'm talking about. Look, how old do you think I am?"

"I dunno."

"I'm fifty-six and I've been workin' on the same job for thirty-six years. Yes sir, thirty-six years with the railroad down here."

"That's a pretty long stretch."

"That's a goddamned long stretch. That's what it is. Boy, would you believe that after thirty-six years of steady work with one company they'd give an old fellow the jig. Give him the jig even when he's doin' his work just like he always did. Doin' a job that you college boys couldn't do even with all your theory an' everything else. No sir, you couldn't do it. You could learn just like everybody else, but you couldn't learn it in college. Ya gotta get out an' do it, that's the only way to learn."

"Now just a minute, just a minute. You've got to admit that a lot of the things that they teach us in college are things that you can't learn any other way; they may be theoretical but they're valuable just the same."

"What do ya think is going to happen soon as things pick up? I'll tellya. Do you think that railroad's going to take on a lot of kids with their heads packed full of theoretical stuff. No sir, goddammit, they're goin' to take

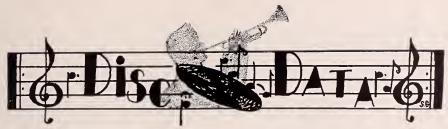
Page twenty-five, please



Why — Senator! We thought you were going to give a campaign speech!



December, 1938



by Stanley Gilinsky, '40

T present we find the recording situation in a general upheaval. Bands are switching from one company to another and consequently you don't know on which label to find some of the favorite bands. Accompanying these changes is the seasonal custom of plugging new and young outfits. This influx of new blood is supposed to act as a "shot in the arm" for

the old standbys and at the same time act as a tonic to Joe Cash Customer who is getting pretty well fed up on the same type of "schmaltz" by the sweet bands and monotonous repititions by the swingsters. The upheaval process is really a good thing. It gives the leaders an opportunity to stop and take stock, to see what they have accomplished and where they have fallen down. Some see their faults and change them, some don't and the rest don't give a damn. The general result of all this rigamarole leaves the situation in somewhat the following manner.

T. D. Sees Light

Tommy Dorsey stopped, looked, listened and found that somewhere along the line the boys had dropped their punch. So he went ahunting and picked up Spivack and Lausen, hot trumpeters from Bob Crosby's band, dropped most of his wishywashy sentimentality and started to feature some honest - to - goodness blues. First record since the new policy is Lightly and Politely; Washboard Blues (V). The boys don't quite find the real groove in this one but they are darn close, and recent radio programs show that they have found it. Both sides of the patter are well arranged, showing off pretty Dorsey ensembles to good advantage. H. Smith on piano and Tommy's beautiful solo in Washboard are the highlights. The end of Lightly exhibits some fine light swing touch by the ensemble. It's sure reminiscent of the old days. Incidentally be on the lookout for some blues recordings by Tommy. He's been featuring some



honeys lately and they're due any week now.

Decca is in the swing of things with Guy Lombardo (don't blame me) and Paul Whiteman, who's not as bad as his name sounds, as the two transfers to their ranks. A combination from out west led by Matty Malneck and featuring such players as Manny Klein on trumpet, George Van Epps on piano and several other coast stars

is their newest white outfit.

Best news is Decca's policy of giving the negro combines a real break. They had a combination with Johnny Dodds, the Chicago flash, make Wild Man Blues; 29th and Dearborn. Not the kind of stuff with popular appeal but good enough to stop and take notice. Their other colored perfomer of the month is the recently highly publicized Sidney Bechet, the clarinet wizard. Picked by Hughes Panassie on his All American swing band, Bechet has kept hot jazz fans wondering why he doesn't join some big name colored band. The reason is simple—he can't read music well and doesn't want to. Yep-he's one of those wonders who can sit down, listen to a few bars of his accompaniment, and then let loose with his imagination as the only guide. Bechet's platter When The Sun Sets Down South; Blackstick exhibit his skill, with a none-too-impressive backing by Noble Sissle.

Third Decca plug of the month is given to a colored band, Al Cooper and his Savoy Sultans. We really can not make up our mind about this one. They've got rhythm and they haven't. One thing is sure, the band needs polishing up. So we'll reserve decision and advise you to listen to The Thing; Gettin' In The Groove, Jeep's Blues; You'll Never Miss The Water, Jump Steady; Rhythm Doctor Man. All are typical colored stuff with some interesting variations.

Lunceford Transfers

Brunswick is right in the thick of things and certainly came up with

page eighteen, please

Give the Gift That Keeps On Gibing

VICTOR

26112-

Variety Is the Spice of Life Temptation Larry Clinton and His Orchestra

26110---

Kind'a Lonesome I Must See Annie Tonight Benny Goodman and His Orchestra

26111---

Your Eyes Are Bigger Than Your Heart Say It With a Kiss Sammy Kaye and His Orchestra

BLUEBIRD

B-10046---

Day After Day
Deep in a Dream
Artie Shaw and His Orchestra

B-10054-

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The Lehigh Review



Sometimes ugly always handsome somtimes clear and cold and noisy mostly sooty, grey, and muffled. Here the furnaces are noisy startling us in night and evening, belching slag to light the sky, breeding imbeciles who lunge and shuffle, peopling four-bit hotels below the hill, asking for a man's life at the open hearths in exchange for a dollar bill.

Dutch, Penn-Dutch women, walk to market. "What did you say?"
Sing-song tongues behind fat cheeks
"Is she Mahried?" "Yah, Yah, Yah."
New street, swaying toll-bridge,
Fourth street, the trolley clatters on,
stop light, a big fat cop.
Pep Boys, Sears and Roebuck,
Goodman's furniture sale,
specials on Mission and Colonial.
Here are women, walking, standing, talking
talking "hunky,, "slovak" "guinnie"
slapping kids and carrying bundles
Up the hill.

Then there are Church street, Market, Linden, cool lawns, shaded walks, boxwoods.

Quiet streets
faced by houses, old outmoded,
well worn in and born of noble bearing,
arched above and many-gabled.
Here are bred the royal blue bloods,
gods and rulers of the shop, the market and the sky.
Here are women, some are ladies
tending gardens, raising healthy children
driving Chryslers, Buicks
talking culture, the novel, the movies

——in the town of Bethlehem.

"Yes we listen to the Ford Symphony Hour."

Moravians came to Bethlehem, and for Christ's sake called it such. They also built—buildings. Buildings with straight lines, cool lines topped by slate roofs beautiful in the rain. These are old buildings, strong buildings, buildings that may not be copied by the guinnie contractors.

Christmas comes to Bethlehem and the Chamber of Commerce. Workmen string up lights red, green, and ugly yellow.
On South Mountain a cross, a big white cross of hundred-watt bulbs.
"Who was Christ?" "What is He?"
Ask P. P. & L., they supply the current.
Ask Laubach, Goodman, they pay for it.
They know.

Lehigh University sits prettily on South Mountain Buildings ugly but for ivy.
Others, nice, collegiate Gothic.
Here boys study, mostly engineering.
Kids in unsmart clothes,
others older, smarter, smoother,
others foolish—whipping by in phaetons, roadsters.
"Hi, Joe, what do you know?"
Yes, Joe, what do you know?

Christmas Comes to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

by

FRANK NORRIS '40

A grave man with a smile on his face speaks to seventeen hundred boys.

One hand in the pocket of his business suit—
"Cultural courses don't mean so much."

No, not in Bethlehem—

Because Bethlehem is the diner on Fourth street.

NEEDY

From the beaker boys to assistants on intricate research problems—that is the scope of the types of work done by the students under the National Youth Administration at Lehigh.

Supervised, hired, and fired by E. Robins Morgan, director of placement (our cover Santa Cluas), are about 181 students who without part time emplyoment would find it difficult and in some cases impossible to continue at school.

These workers are divided among 32 University departments and town agencies. Each of the employees is permitted to work a maximum of 50 hours per month yielding 20 dollars, but the average for the school may not exceed fifteen dollars per man per month. However, judging from the averages of the past three school years the placement bureau figures that the average earnings will be thirteen dollars per man per month for this year. As the University's allotment for the 1938-39 season is \$2355. per month, it is possible to have about 181 men on the payroll.

For the year 1935-36, the amount the University could pay was controlled on a month to month basis, thus



making it necessary for the bureau to strictly limit the number of workers so as not to exceed the quotas. In 1936-37 the salaries were on a three month control. Last year the system was again changed and a definite amount, \$17,955, was alloted to Lehigh's N. Y. A. for the complete school year. Because of numerous droppings by the end of the year and also the low number of hours worked by those on the payroll only \$16,029.40 was used.

Young

Many of the N. Y. A. workers find their jobs not only a source of muchneeded revenue but also an educational asset. Just a few examples:

There's Bill Histand who with about 17 other fellows works in Packard lab for the M. E. department. Bill works under Prof. Luce and may well be called a professional solver of machine design problems. What he does is work out old quizzes so that answers are available when the problems are used over again. As Histand is an M. E. himself, he feels that he'll be able to knock machine design problems for a loop if he ever runs across them after he graduates in June.

Over in the Chem building, Rodman Van Wye is doing a chemical research problem under Dr. Hazelhurst. Rod is trying to find the affects of ad-

The National Youth Administration, with the help of Mr. Morgan, of the Placement Bureau, makes it possible for 181 men to attend Lehigh. The work they do is interesting, but the principle behind it is great.

Milton Spilberg'39

ditions of small quantities of certain materials on the absorption of carbon dioxide. The apparatus he's using looks very much like a Rube Goldberg setup.

Charlie Moesel, one of our Rhodes scholarship candidates, also works in the Chem building. He helps Ray Schultz, instructor in chemistry, in

AMBITIOUS

trying to find chemicals which will speed root propagation. Charlie helps build boxes for the plants and remakes the synthetic compounds used. The main idea of the problem is to find chemicals which are cheaper than the ones now used for the purpose.

A good number of other N. Y. A. men have similar research projects and are assisting faculty members with research in almost all engineering departments. Helpers also assist in the compilation of statistics in the psychology department and in the business departments.

Surveys and the gathering of statistical data are conducted by Ray Naegely and Whitey Elmer (both juniors) at the Registrar's office. One of their projects was to figure out the reasons for the great number of changes in the rosters after the semester started. It was found that most of these changes were in sections only and could be corrected at registration time.

Another job done by the same fellows was a tabulation of the number of engineering students who have F deficiencies and are failing to make them up at the right time. Dean Stoughton asked that this be done.

For Dr. Carothers, the same fellows are tabulating the enrollment by student hours and are separating these by colleges and departments. The same is being done for the faculty members. Thus a comparison can be made of the load carried by each department.

One of the regular routine jobs

page twenty-three, please



DECEMBER, 1938

HE address on the invitation read 1712 Walnut street. It turned out to be an apartment house with a row of names and push buttons in the entrance way, and a sign that said W. W. Watson, M. D. We were trying to decide which one was our party, when three girls came in and solved the problem for us. The door clicked open in answer to their buzz, and we followed them up the high im stairway.

At the top several girls received coats and made introductions. It was early and we were among the first arrivals. Feeling rather self-conscious we made conversation with Edith, a small brunette with a pleasant smile. We were from Lehigh. We had come to Philadelphia to cover the convention for our school magazine. Joe was loading his camera and the metal foil on the film caught her attention. "Oh, you mustn't throw tinfoil away!" She was serious now. "We save it and when we get enough, manufacturers will buy it. Last month we sent a relief ship to Spain with what we made that way. Did you see Blockade? It was a ship like the one in that; and Franco's ships knew about it and were waiting, but the Loyalists attacked them and the food ship got thru some how." She paused breathless and excited with what she was saying. The problem of a people starving while their homes were being blown up around them seemed suddenly very real and close.

Edith was only a high school girl in one of a hundred high schools where the American Student Union is attempting to do something about this and other problems of the twentieth century dark age.

That afternoon we had heard the committee reports of the Eastern Pennsylvania colleges and high schools.

They included plans for a Pan-American Youth conference; and obtaining equal rights for women at the University of Pennsylvania; establishing a club for youth relief in Spain; an investigation of the armament situation. The fact that the A. S. U. is not a bull session society for the closet discussion of world affairs, but an active group providing student leadership, was stressed by Joseph Lash, National Secretary of the A. S. U. He gave as an example the annexing of Austria which was met with cynicism and pessimism on campuses throughout the nation; the A. S. U. was, however, prompt in boycotting

YOUTH AND DEMOCRACY

by David Hughes, '39

Again, the youth of the Nation-this time trying to work out the answers, trying to keep democracy alive in a murderous world. A call for establishment of an A.S.U. at Lehigh.

Germany and expressing their protest at the incident. Lash said,"The A. S. U. has achieved some fine results since its founding three years ago, but there is no room for smugness in a post-Munich world. We are living in the pall of Fascist triumphs. The A. S. U. provides a rallying center in defense of a hard-pressed democracy. We must show that intolerance has no place in our school system."

Secretary Lash, the over-worked, underfed driving power of the organization, was getting his M. A. at Columbia when his interest was first aroused in student organization. In the fall of 1932 the coal miners of Harlan, Kentucky, had gone on strike. Hoping to find the truth behind the storm of controversy, a group of 60 students from eastern colleges went to Harlan, Lash among them. He was very much impressed with the fact that the miners had none of the civil liberties that are usually taken for granted by most classes. The helplessness of the miners to better their

conditions resolved Lash that his greatest contribution to society would come from helping people in similar situations and from trying to prevent the occurrence of such conditions.

Upon his return to Columbia he joined the Student League for Industrial Democracy, an organization founded by Upton Sinclair, and in which Sinclair was active at that time. In 1935 the American Student Union was formed as a combination of the S. L. I. D. and the National Student League. Lash was elected National Secretary and has held the job ever since. His firm belief that the campus is the stronghold of democracy has shaped all his plans for the activities of the A. S. U.

In addition to the major problems of world peace, the A. S. U. concerns itself with many of the factors vital to student welfare. In Chicago it is fighting against the attempt to make industrial training compulsory for high school students with poor financial backing. It is lobbying for a repage twenty-two, please



Two of A. S. U .- Bill Hood and the Girl from Bryn Mawr

No Education For

by Arts Man, '40

HREE students were walking down the steps of the library. All three of the boys were very intelligent. According to the psychological test given to the freshman class, they were in the upper percentile brackets. The first one pointed to a pregnant bitch and laughed considerably. The second said, "Hey, Joe! Figure out the stress and strain in that beam." The third one said. "Looks like a combination of isopropylhydromethane and butyric pentoxide." By now the first one was laughing in huge drops and gushes. He rolled over and over and said, "Guess she needs a triple-phase transformer."

With that final witticism, the three young men clutched at each other and fell down the steps of the library. It wasn't that it was an icy day or anything. Anyone is likely to have difficulty in unfamiliar territory. Luckily, all three fell on their heads. They recovered quickly and betook themselves to Packer Hall.

Today I look upon that scene as one recovered from a horrible disease. I was the third one mentioned above. A full-fledged chemical engineer, shanghaied out of the paths of education and make to walk up the high-walled blind alley of engineering. A year and a half spent in a wilderness of figures and constants, bullied by pompous professors, carried along by a conveyor-belt system of teaching that was applied to me like a sticking plaster. Books, written by the heads of departments, were pawned off on students; books that were both unintelligible and uninteresting.

I was told that Lehigh had one of the best engineering courses in the country. Old grads preached it to mc. "Lehigh's a damned fine school for engineering, my boy." Old grads who didn't know a Picasso from a bill-board, who preferred Uncle Ezra to Confucius. When it came to engineering there was nothing to stop Lehigh. But unfortunately, when you came to engineering you stopped there and forgot there was another world of men and arts. I saw good men leave this damned fine school for another where men could think

while they learned. I heard an important man in the engineering college say that any smart high school senior could pass a psychology course without opening a book. That I should be interested in seeing.

One of our popular magazines that peddle "authentic" romances of the poor working girl occasionally presents a dashing young engineer in khaki shirt open at the neck and riding breeches who rides out of the West and rescues the heroine from her distress. God forbid that a Lehigh engineer should be called upon to enact the role of the hero! Picture the distress on her frightened face as she is faced with the bleak prospect of a fate worse than death or languishing in the arms of a gawky youth obviously embarrassed with the

Engineers

necessity of having to portray human emotion. We must remember that men graduate from Lehigh with the avowed purpose of doing or dying in the noble field of construction. To show feelings is to be feminine, or even worse, unconstructive. Four Year Ride on a Conveyor Belt

It is significant that when one is a chemical engineer of advanced graduate status one spends most of the daylight hours in the Chemistry Building. There the student paddles his way about through dense clouds of noxious gases and tells himself that what he does now is far, far better than roaming about seventeen different places on the campus without settling down in one spot. When Joe Practicality graduates and flops off at the end of his conveyor belt, he sets out looking for a place to roost, and finding a branch of chemical engineering that he likes, he wraps his tail around it and sleeps the sleep of the just.

Like Joseph, I was firmly convinced that by being intellectually stagnant I could do no wrong; that theme was just about etched in my mind—after all, isn't it only the

thinkers who cause all the trouble? Perhaps I'd better modify that statement. I wasn't taught to keep my mind stagnant. I was told that too much other work might interfere with my engineering. I certainly found that out to be true. Extra hours meant lower marks and going without less sleep than even before.

Another item that was obvious enough was that when I was in the Chemistry building, Xmas-Saucon might as well have been a dormitory or a cafeteria for all its influence or importance. Each building was completely independent of the other. Each might have been on different campuses, for all the communication of thought that went on between them. I feel quite just in saying that the men in the departments of engineering feel a sort of jealousy toward the instructors in the arts department. They acted like children, it seemed to me, in their petty rivalries.

There's a slogan, frequently used by the school, to the effect that there isn't a wall on Packer Avenue. While the biggest connection between the student body and the town is an amatory one, the statement above might have some pressure upon the bottled-in interests of the student group. Somewhere there should be a young poet who can give birth to some bright epigram about there being no moat around Coppee or Xmas-Saucon.

The cumulative effect of all this small-time jealousies and rivalries and hide-bound reaction is that the engineer is given his education by the bottle. Weaning him away from the bottle is such a long and painful process that few professors care to take the trouble. The three semesters that I spent within the confines of the engineering curriculum showed very few instances of student rebellion against the high-handed and iron-bound courses of study. On the contrary, I was amazed to find that classmates ate up the stuff and soon grew to refuse anything else than the cut-and-dried formula. Students were highly and unalterably satisfied with the acceptance of old principles and the application of them

DECEMBER, 1938 11

to new problems. The discovery of new relationships was delegated to the advanced student in research, and for a freshman to dabble in why's and how's was regarded as an example of the undisciplined mind.

No Uncertainty for Engineers

I am told that engineering students are serious in the pursuit of a career. Coming from a family of limited income, I was told when I left college that I had to think of the future. It was just that thinking of the future that gave me many a sleepless night as an engineer. Those lads that stalk the corridors in gloomy silence have no more of a future than an elevator operator, and he's going down half the time. If a man is trained to run in a straight line (sometimes known as a rut), his destiny may be assured, but the bleak prospects can hardly be called a future. Future implies uncertainty; engineers cannot abide uncertainty. They are not prepared for it, because they know a lot about a little. Any material or inevitable decisions outside the limited scope of the engineer is left to men who want to waste their time on problems of philosophy and ethics. Some men are only too glad to decide your problems for you. Men like Hitler, Mussolini, and the late lamented Huey Long.

This is not an accusation that all dictatorships and despotisms are due to the apathy of the engineers alone. But it should serve to show that the world is not safe for those who leave their "abstract and visionary" thinking for others. It all goes back to the question, "Who makes the better citizen, the thinker or the non-thinker?" If my readers will follow me over the hurdle, I will jump to the conclusion that non-thinkers are required in the Fascist state, while the democracy cannot function without an adequate supply of thinkers. As far as I can see, the engineer at Lehigh is not prepared to face current problems in that he does not have the mechanism with which to figure out their answers. The engineering curricula place very little emphasis on original thought. The engineers who struggle to hold the engineering attitude, and still wander about the "less practical" branches of education, usually wind up peddling shoes or in something far afield from their chosen vocation.

Huxley and Our Engineers

The ultimate of "engineering philosophy," I think is represented by the antipathy against vocational guidance

voiced by some of the more prominent members of the profession. Statements like that give me the creeps. But they probably have an excellent foundation in purpose. One is led to believe that if there were more and fuller courses of vocational guidance there would be a damned sight fewer engineers. In Huxley's brilliant satire, "The Brave New World," he demonstarted a system by which the ovum could be fertilized mechanically and transported on a conveyor belt for nine months, to emerge at the end a bouncing baby ready with a full supply of inheritance for anything that was required of it. That is, it was prepared with the one kind of inheritance that was demanded. "Fortunately," in Mr. Huxley's super-society, there was never a hitch. If No.



Poor fellow—his father disinherited him because he took a course in drama.

14792 was cut out to be a chemical engineer, such he would be, and no power on earth could change him.

Perhaps some such scheme is being attempted at Lehigh. There is no uncertainty here. If you start out to be a civil engineer, you'll graduate a civil engineer and Hell and high water won't change the course of your education. But there might be a hitch. After four concentrated and "constructive" years, you are equipped for civil engineering and unless you have wasted your time taking business or English courses frowned upon by the department, brother, you are out in the cold with your pants down, if by some mischance you are not a civil engineer.

Of course, you really aren't out in the cold. You can learn another trade easy enough. Even the engineer has to learn the particulars of his individual trade. But supposing you do pick out another trade outside of engineering, with only a completely technical background to fall upon, your college education will do you little, if any good.

Looking upon the relatively few men in our engineering course who make a living as engineers, it is sad to think of the wasted hours on technical subjects while the mind starves for genuine exercise and background. It is thoroughly possible that an engineering course can be designed to include the Arts and the Humanities, as well as a general, if not detailed background in engineering. The engineering profession must have places for graduates who are men first and engineers second.

Now fortunately all engineers are not cast in the same mould. Undoubtedly there are some engineers who don't whistle when they see a Petty drawing, or get noxious when they are drunk. Maybe there are some who don't distrust human values. There's a possibility that there are some intelligent engineers, but the two terms might be considered mutually exclusive.

Thrust and Accusation

The engineers as a body will probably not stand for this article. They will point out its inconsistencies which are undoubtedly present. They will prove (everything in statistics) that the average engineer is heaps smarter than the other students in the school. That is absolutely true and is something that puzzles me all the time. I can't understand how anybody with a little common sense could manage to throw his life away so nonchalantly. When you enter into our engineering curriculum, you build yourself a very snug and cozy little house right in the middle of a forest and every time you set foot outside the house you are lost and God help you if you don't find your way back.

One of my biggest complaints against the school of engineering is that it wrings the vitality out of the student. It teaches him to be more dependent than independent as if that were the proper state for one to be in. The answer to that might be that the engineer is forced to be dependent upon the rules of chemistry and physics that never change. But that isn't the answer. Independence of mind is not always skepticism, although it is usually represented by an intellectual curiosity. One engin-

page twenty-three, please

The

HE years and the semesters sort of fall against each other and telescope so that you lose track of the exact order of events and a lot of things that happened are forgotten or get very dim in the back of your mind. And courses and big days no longer have any definite outline and you remember them only because of some insignificant happenings connected with them, happenings that by rights should be lost in the same haze that hides the rest of the events. But these little things aren't lost but stand out so strongly that they seem to overshadow the events they recall.

And Intermediate Calculus becomes the day that Wentfield fell asleep in the front row and Prof. Kulbert threw him out of class. And that brings back Kulbert's lean frozen face and the day he smiled and almost laughed, but you can't remember what was so funny. And when you think of it you can't remember that Kulbert ever laughed. Public Speaking is the day that Coogan made his first speech and got stage fright in the first sentence and had to stop. And Economics is the morning after Roosevelt's second election when a whole class of mechanical engineers sneaked into the lecture room to hear what Dean Kohlbush was going to say about Landon's defeat, but you can't remeber exactly what he did say.

Houseparty is Nason getting roaring drunk and just getting back to the dorm in time to pass out. (But was it spring or fall?) And houseparty is the blackjack game down in the joint with the eight guys you never saw before or since. But you're not sure if this was on the evening or not.

But you're sure about last house-party. That hasn't faded. Last house-party you were sitting alone at the long table in front of the bar nursing a whiskey sour to keep yourself on the end of the pleasant jag that the half pint started. Everything was very lovely. Everyone was your friend. No school tomorrow. If you turned your head quickly, you had to carefully refocus your eyes before the swimming stopped. So that when the two came in you didn't notice her. You only knew that a shirt front next to a white evening gown had slipped

into the bench across the table from you. You admired the ripples you could make by jiggling your drink.

"Hello, Ray," she said, and before you looked up, you know who it was.

"Hello, Hel," you said looking at her. "Hi, Dick," to the shirt front.

Years

"No date?" she asked, smiling a lit-

"No date," you told her, "just the beginning of a drunk."

"Something to forget?" George wanted to know-

"No, No," you said, "nothing to forget. You know me, anything for a good time." But Dick was the man she said she loved and that meant that you were out. So by all the rules you should give up the idea and forget the mess, but you couldn't. And you said. "no, nothing to forget," and you lied.

"How was the dance?" because it seemed the thing to ask about, and you couldn't ask about the things you wanted to know.

"I don't know." She looked at Dick and took his hand. "We had a good enough time." Her shoulder was against his.

"Good music, too many people." George looked back at her as he said it and then at you. He spoke for both of them and it only put you even further out of the closed circle of two.

"That's a pretty dress." This was dangerous ground but you couldn't help it. "It becomes you."

"Thank you."

"Why," and now you spoke to Dick

byEric Weiss'39

because you couldn't leave any part of her out of it, "why does she always turn up with such good looking clothes. She never misses."

"She always looks swell." He agreed with you and you were unhappy because he too felt as you did. He must have pressed her hand then for you saw her smile at him with a personal flash.

"What are you having?" you asked, for Carl was there with his tray.

"Scotch and soda." That was all she always had.

"Milk." He said it raising his eyebrows. Carl went away.

"Something new?" you asked, for you remembered him matching you drink for drink one night.

"For the last month," she spoke as if she owned him, "he's been doing this. It's just an idea."

"Every man to his own taste," and you left out the rest of the gag-

"I'll be back." He stood up and sidled away from the table. You politely ignored the reason.

"Having a good time?" Now you really wanted to know.

"Swell." she sparkled.

Fall . . .

"You've gained a little weight." Too personal, too personal. She's not yours.

"Nine pounds, in the wrong places." She put her hands to her waist.

"Don't worry about it." Why not say what you want to? Why not?

"How are you making out?" Did she want to know or was she filling silence until Dick got back?

"Pretty well." Keep it inconsequential. Don't lose what little you have by scaring her with anything serious. "The staff on the paper is too small but we're getting by."

"You do very well with your page-I mean you turn out some stuff that makes you think." A professional compliment. She likes your work but how do you stand?

"If you copy all your stuff from the Now York Times, you can't go wrong." That's right, turn the compliments aside. Keep her talking. Keep her laughing.

She did laugh, happily, and you smiled watching her laugh. She was small and round and it suddenly occurred to you that she looked awfully young. Pretty as far as anybody else was concerned but you could see she was lovely.

"But I really mean it, Ray." She was speaking softly, breathlessly. "I like the things you write a lot." Her eyes seemed all round and brown without whites. "I mean," she paused, "they're very good."

Quick. Quick now, think of something to say. Don't let the silence stretch this way. Say something.

"I'm glad you liked them." You moved your head too quickly and the walls dipped and swerved. She looked up and it was Dick.

NATIONALISM

by Raphael G. Scoblionko President, Robert W. Blake Society

HE rise of national states at the close of the Feudal Era during the 15th and 16th centuries was due in main to the inception of a new economic era-mercantilism. An acceleration of trade, the rise of the merchant class, and a growing demand for new products cut across the artificial boundaries of the lord's estate, dealt a rude shock to the manorial system, upset the system of serfdom, and created in its stead new theories and new institutions. The age of powerful lords gave away to an era of mighty monarchs; this was the political product of the new mercantilism

Since the rise of national states, men have attempted to bolster this economic account of nationalism with a more spiritual justification. Consequently, the state was given an artificial personality, a sort of mystical existence. The national heritage of a common language and common problems gave a sense of livingness to the state that a mere glance at a map with its boundaries belies. To this artificial creation men gave of their energy, their thoughts, and their lives. Thus did states become mighty, thus did national culture arise.

Today,in the economic aspect we find our society totally different from that which existed at the twilight of the medieval period. The industrial revolution, science, and human initiative have made the world much smaller and much more compact. A new class has taken the offensive while the merchant class has assumed the lord's role as a conservative force in present day society. In some nations the merchant class in order to stem the growing power of labor have facilitated the rise of extreme nationalism-Fascism. Thus has private property been maintained in Germany and Italy.

This "new" ideology of Fascism is bankrupt economically and intellectually. Economically it prevents a growth of industrial democracy; intellectually, beneath the catchwords of one people, one Reich, one Fuehrer, are chains which shackle science and culture. Is not the elevation of a leader into power on the grounds that it is his destiny to shape the fate of his people the old divine right theory of kings in new trappings?

That Fascism is a bankrupt ideology is evidenced by the fact that it reverts to an old tribal instinct of a chosen people. With twentieth century trimmings we learn that the Germans or the Italians are a pure Aryan race, but the Jews, the Slovaks and other non-aryans, being of an alien and inferior race, are unfit to rule or partake of national cultures.

The World Peaceways Ad on page 26 is our contribution to World Peace. But propaganda for peace is not enough. The *Lehigh Review* heartily solicits articles like the one on this page in the earnest belief that inquiry and understanding must precede intelligent social action.

Within the German people is a spirit which is most evident in their leader and which enables them to acheive supreme heights as a people. This spirit is thus manifested in a superior culture. Such a superior people must realize their destiny, and so even war is ennobling if it hastens that realization.

Theorists in justifying this Hegelian philosophy claim that such an ideology possess a "poetic truth" that overshadows its obvious scientific inconsistencies. It is, as it were, a "thinking with the blood" which the mind does not realize; consequently, these theorists advise one not to judge the alleged evil of Fascist deeds but put himself into the spirit which motivates Fascism.

But if philosophy is to have a concrete value, must it not have at least some empirical or practical basis? Spain, China, Czecho-Slovakia, and pogroms are the logical and necessary results of Fascism or any superior race theory; and in judging the Nazi movement these practical manifestations of the Fascist spirit must be heeded. If Fascism in Italy means degradation of human beings in Ethiopia and Spain, if Nazism means" cannons not butter", then these are ends as well as means and have more significance than the so-called poetic truth of Fascism We must judge these movements pragmatically not in the lofty plane of philosophical ideal-

One may be a nationalist, as practically all of us are, and yet distinguish between "political" nationalism and cultural nationalism. There are, for different peoples different cultures arising from different heritages. These cultures should be encouraged, for the greatness of a people depends upon vital culture. But such a culture does not mean imperialism or national chauvinism. National cultures can exist side by side and at the same time be nurtured without detriment to either one.

The threat to man today lies in Fascism. There is a solution to this threat. It lies in a closely-knit cocperative economic system with a broad industrial democratic base; it lies in a system which allows for differences in thinking and in culture; It lies in the extension of the boundaries of democracy and in its enrichment. It does not lie in military blustering, degradation of peoples, and in scientific untruths.



Three Photographs of Snow

by Stan Guggenheim, '39





Leica Camera No Filter

WE STAND ALONE

by George E. Tabet

President, Cosmopolitan Club

The sky was lighted by the dying fires of a glorious setting sun. Dusk being shorter in Egypt than in other parts of the world, it seems to gather in that short lapse of time the whole gamut of colours that the firmament undergoes in its transition from light into darkness.

On the elevated road leading from Cairo to Helouan Tony and Ismail stood, contemplating the sunset. Mute with the awe that must have inspired primitive man to concepts of divinity, they stood in admiration. Finally as the Lord of Life made way for Night, Tony broke the silence: "Beautiful but lacking in variety. Postcard beauty, postcard colours." He spoke in protest. Quite typical of the dissecting and scientific Western mind, thought Ismail, but tallied: "A masterpiece none the less. You will admit you experience the same exaltation each time you see it." Environment conditions one's tastes, so Tony answered. "You haven't seen a sunset till you've seen one on the Jungfrau. Instead of being in the plains experiencing this beauty as an overwhelming power dominating from above, you are yourself on the stage where the pageant is marching. The colours are vivid, and the picture filled with strength; you share the might of the gods."

Disrespectful and assertive pagan, thought Ismail continuing his line of thought, "Presumptive as your attitude may be as regards sharing the theatre with the gods, I sincerely question whether your inspiration is any different from ours. We humbly behold the manifestations of the Divine powers and follow their course in our meditations. In fact whether it be your approach or ours, we both arrive to the same point, and that is the realization of our weakness when we stand alone and our strength in our association with the deities."

Impatient with thought and meditation Tony ended the argument. "Let's get on with our walk." Ismail acquiesced, reluctantly turning away

he took a last glance at the vanishing picture in the West. The Pyramids tinged with the deep purple of the sky seemed to have grown in size as though lifted by the souls of the slaves who had built them. The innumerable palm-trees with their slender trunks swaying in the gentle evening breeeze looked like vestals in a temple paying homage to the mighty monuments that towered above them. The huge white sail of one of the Nile boats gliding past intercepted the picture. The boatman sounded his wailing and nostalgic tune—a high priest uttering divine incantations.

As they walked back both felt that harmony between them was still unattained. Finally Tony suggested "How about a game of bridge at the club-house?"

"Sure" said Ismail in agreement, yet couldn't refrain from his habitual philosophizing: "How easy it is for people to live together harmoniously when their thoughts are concentrated on something outside of themselves. We often complain that we are being misunderstood, but do we really enjoy being understood at our real value?"



"He's boycotting his Japanese cook!"

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16 The Lehigh Review

Four Books:

Poetry, rich in meaning Photography, rich in Americana

Reviewed by Louis C. Stoumen '39

I
"Letter to a Comrade"
Joy Davidman
Yale University Press
2.50

Every little while in the reading of modern poetry the reviewer is struck with the idea that perhaps Keats and Shelley and the other old boys have been over-rated, that perhaps time has disproportionately added to critical estimate.

Certainly poetry, much poetry, is being written today which is of better craftsmanship, imbued with a more singing lyricism, packed with more powerful emotional punch, produced in greater philosophic wisdom than anything written by these early English poets. What is there in the Victorians to equal McLeish, Jeffers, the best of Pound?

But there is no point in here bringing up again after centuries the questions of anciens vrs. moderns.

The book is Joy Davidman's Letter to a Comrade, and it started us thinking in his vein.

Stephen Vincent Benet (a Bethlehem lad who made good, if you're interested) wrote the preface to the book. "Here", he writes, "is what an intelligent, sensitive, vivid mind thinks about itself and the things of the modern worldThere is a richness of imagery here, a lively social consciousness, a varied command of form, and bold power."

Miss Davidman is capable of sustained poetic utterance and her long title poem "Letter to a Comrade" is a strong human thing, finely made and imbued with life. A short poem:

SNOW IN MADRID

Softly, so casual, Lovely, so light, so light, The cruel sky lets fall Something one does not fight.



Fourth St., Bethlehem, Pa. by Walker Evans in "American Photographs"

How tenderly to crown The brutal year The clouds send something down That one need not fear.

Men before perishing See with unwounded eye For once a gentle thing Fall from the sky.

The important thing about the book is that Davidman does not write poems for their pattern or music. Her words are filled with rich human meaning, then distilled and imbued with poetic form of great strength.

A first book, Letter to a Comrade marks the emergencies in America of a new and major voice. It is a stimulating thing that an institution of formal learning such as Yale University should be identified with the publication of so notable and challenging a work.

II U. S. Camera 1939 William Morrow & Co.

The most popular book over at the Supply Bureau is the 1939 volume of *U. S. Camera Annual*. A copy is on the book shelf in the center of the room, but you'll have to wait your turn because two or three other guys got there first.

Photographers know that this publication is tops in the annual field. It is large and handsome in format, compiled with great taste and judgement, is not played down to the supposedly moron level of the average reader. It contains some of the best photographic work being done in America today.

The first volume in the series was published in 1935, and the venture was an immediate success. The cur-

rent volume is a big advance over previous ones for several reasons. The change to stiff board covers is the most obvious mechanical improvement. The use of letterpress reproduction on some pages instead of the usual gravure is another and more important advance. Gravure can acheive a clear warm quality which is arty and often improves the photo-



Alabama Farmer Wife by Walker Evans in "American Photographs" and "U. S. Camera Annual, 1939"

graph, but there have been many depressing failures in this medium due to poor inking, muddiness and a loss of shadow detail.

The current volume contains a striking section of the now famous Federal Housing Administration photographs by Dorthea Lange, Walker December, 1938 17

Evans, Arthur Rothenstein and others.

The general quality of the work is somewhat better than last year's. The book is worth its price, if only for the essay on Colonel Steichen (who did the judging for this issue), and the portfolio of prints by that master.

III American Photographs Walker Evans Museum of Modern Art 2.50

It would be difficult to pick America's three top photographers, but the result might place Weston, Bourke-White and Walker Evans near the top.

Of these three, Walker Evans might deservedly rate highest. He lacks Weston's impeccable technique. He lacks Bourke-White's capacity to relate emotionally and esthetically the photographed subject to its unphotographed environment. He lacks the naked photographic purity of Weston's vision (some of his prints, especially the minicam work, are very bad technically). He lacks the warmth and human touch of Bourke-White.

But he has a refined and peculiar objectivity possessed by no other camera worker in America. His lens is focused, the picture taken, and nothing but the photograph remains. There is no "interpretation", no "pictorial effect", nothing of the artist himself in the picture. It is a record, a document. It is honest photography.

Yet with what insight, with what skill Evans has gone about making his photographic record of America. Without raising again the question is photography art, we can remember the oft quoted phrase: "Art is that which conceals art." Here is a profound knowledge of America and its people, here is love of texture and of shade, here is intense vision.

Evans has photographed Bethlehem, and we reproduce on this page one of his Bethlehem photographs. Way down on Fourth Street, where Lehigh never goes, is this graveyard—raised above and fronting the street. Evans saw it, saw Fourth Street, saw the houses. And through his camera we can see it new and as if for the first time.

IV
The American Annual of
Photography 1939
American Photographic Publishing Co.
1.50

Don't buy the book. It stinks.

The photographs are dull, academic, imitative. Some of the articles are informative, but the same stuff has appeared elsewhere, before, in better



BATHROOM BROADCAST by Joe Boyle

form. The book itself is tastelessly designed in ancient types.

Pehaps after all, it's not that bad. But the contrast between it and the two books reviewed above is a little too extreme.



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Disc Data . . .

from page five

two good winners on the Vocalion label. First is Jimmy Lunceford's transfer from Decca. Given the right type of tune, the Lunceford combinationtion is unbeatable. Jimmy is one of the most powerful arrangers today, and with such capable men as Willie Smith, alto sax, Sy Oliver, trumpet and Jimmy Crawford, drums, he is capable of becoming our top-notch colored organization. Second item brings a really versatile colored band to the fore (by this time you have probably noticed most of the new plugs have been for the colored bands. Reason—they've got swing). Olvie Alston is the boy. One minute he'll sound like Count Basie, and in the next, turn on some very listenable sweet—with an electric guitar and all the trimmings. Examples: Of the sweet, How Much Do You Mean To Me: I Let A Tear Fall In The River. Of Basie swing, Junk-Man's Serenade, and of the electric guitar, Ja-Da. This band, like others, needs polishing, but the framework is highly potential.

Bluebird Progresses

Victor is content to do all its "pushing" with Bluebird recordings. Four artists are the recipients of most of the attention. The first and best, Art Shaw, has already in our estimation surpassed Victor's number one swinger, Goodman. And just to prove it Art has waxed one of his best to date, What Is This Thing Called Love, Yesterdays. For pure and simple jumping drive this combination can't be stopped. They haven't what we call the colored "lack of restraint", but there is still something irresistible about their rhythm. And to top it all Shaw is doing some of the best arranging in ages. Just listen to band phrasing in Love and the smooth ensembles in Yesterdays and if you are not convinced the Shaw man is tops-Aw! just nuts to you then.

Second Bluebird plug is for the boy from down Duke way, Les Brown. Les's forte lies in his clarinetting and arranging and he's doing a swell job with both. His band is well rounded, capable of good swing and danceable sweet. Their two platters exhibit good organization in Get Out Of Town; From Now On, Have You Forgotten So Soon; Like A Monkey Like Coconuts.

Third plug is for a sky riding trumpeter from the south, Erskine Haw-

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page nineteen, please

Disc Data . . .

from page eighteen

kins. This is another successful outfit that started in college. Hawkins along with fourteen of his classmates at Alabama State organized a band to pay expenses. They were an immediate hit and their success recently culminated with a long engagement at the Harlem Savoy Ballroom. Hawkins only fault is his tendency to screech too much, but he has managed to keep that down to minimum. Their sweet renditions are passable, and abetted by some swell sax work their swing cuts a deep groove. Latest recordings in the swing vein are Easy Ride; A Study In Blue; Strictly Swing; What Do You Know About Love. Swing features some highly interesting but stereotyped work on the bass sax. Last but not least are the Top Hatters of Jan Savitt. Jan is a swing band sticking to pop tunes but rendering them in a most pleasant way. His contribution is Hurry Home; Just A Kid Named Joe. Quaker City Jazz; Sugar Foot Stomp; catch the sax in Jazz.

Classical Recordings

Columbia Masterworks Album 343, Schubert's Rosamonde (Incidental Music Op. 26) played by the Hale Orchestra conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty. The history of this music is very odd. It accompanied a play written by Christene von Chezy which from all accounts was pretty bad, but the music was an immediate success. The Overture was encored, all the other numbers were greeted with applause, and the composer called for at the end of the play. Unfortunately the music was forgotten with the play, but then it was revived in 1867, forty years after Schubert's death, and since has been enjoyed by many. Probably the best known item in the music is the Ballet Number One (Andantio) since its inclusion in Lilac Time. No brass instruments are used in this movement and charming effects are gained by the contrapuntal use of the woodwinds and strings. The music as a whole is very effective. The counterpoint is forcibly used and as a result some of Schubert's finest music is included in the work-

Second album is Decca's Little Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Alexander Smallens in a simplified version of Tschaikovsky's famous Nutcracker Suite (Casse Noisette Opus 71a). The story has to do with a Christmas party where a child, Marie, gets as a Christmas present an

old German nutcracker, shaped like an old man who breaks nuts in his jaws. The nutcracker is broken and Marie puts it to bed like an invalid.

Then ensues one of those dreamlike affairs, in which the toys from the Christmas tree become animated and wage war on an army of mice. The nutcracker gets engaged in the war somehow until Marie ends it by throwing her shoe at the King of the Mice. Then, in fairy-tale style, the nutcracker turns out to be a handsome prince, who takes his heroine, Marie, to the magic kingdom. That happens to be the jam mountain, where in the second act, the Sugarplum Fairy, queen of the realm, and her court acclaim Marie's heroism and the Dance of The Sweets begin.

This simplified version leaves out all the repetition in the *Waltz* of *The Flowers*, and cuts out anything that might make it distasteful for young listeners for whom the album was primarily intended. As a result it has become highly enjoyable for adults even though the performers are not of usual symphonic proportions. After all the work's chief virtue is its melody and it is amply presented.

Briefs

Cab Calloway shows remarkable improvement in At The Clambake Carnival (Vo.) Chu Berry's solo vibrates with rhythm and the band socks like hell. Two Collectors items are Miff Mole Dixieland (Br.) and Bix's Rhythm King (Br.) Teddy Wilson with usual fine combination waxed Here It Is Tomorrow Again; Everybody's Laughing. Vocal refrain is by Billie Holliday who's at her best with Wilson backing. Andrew Sisters have a swell novelty in Pross Tchai (D).

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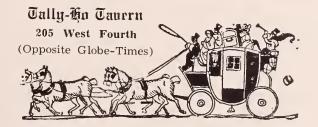
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STUDENT LUNCHES . . .

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The Years Fall . . .

from name twelve

"Dance?" He said it quietly, confidentially. You stood up, holding the table, as she slipped out. You didn't watch them. "This is the way to win my heart, win my heart, win my heart," the machine played. Carl came with his trays and the drinks.

"Leave them," you said, "they'll be back." You paid.

You thought about what you had said to her and then you suddenly remembered that you had thought up most of those cracks a week before when you were only thinking about meeting her and wondering what you would say when you did meet her. It was silly. You drank again and it tasted sour, and a little bitter, and the warming feeling of liquor running down was gone.

They were back. She came first, walking lightly on little princess feet. Dick stood in the background, as he always seems to stand, a strong unknown figure. You stood up. They sat down. Nobody said anything. Helen fumbled her handbag open and got out her cigarette case, silver, tall, flat. She opened it, looked at you. You shook your head, no. Dick took one. She snapped a flame on the lighter built into the top of the device. They lit up.

"Look." She held the case out to you. "Hel" was engraved in the little plate on the front of it. You ran your thumb across the letters to feel the marks.

"Nice," you said. "Dick?"

She nodded quickly and smiled not at you but at him, a smile full of ownership. Dick grinned. His square face went all to crinkles and a big mouth. You remembered the first time that you saw him and how surprised you were that he wasn't a movie star, he was so handsome.

"You a senior this year?" Dick askyou, one hand on his glass of milk.

"Yes, aren't we all?"

There was a pause and the noise of the joint intruded. The pause lengthened, became awkward, passed that stage and was natural. What could you talk about? What was Dick interested in that you could talk about?

"What medical school do you figure on going to next year?" That's good, get him to talk about himself. Find out what you're up against.

"Penn, or maybe Jeff." You knew men at Jeff but that didn't fit here. What the hell, talk about her. That was a common interest. "Anything new going to break over at your place," you asked her. That's it, stay impersonal.

"No, nothing. Nothing ever happens to us." Her smile ran out to end in her round cheeks. Her eyes closed a little. Her drink was low and the fizz had gone out of it.

"Do you think I can tell him the one about the doctor and the half-wit?" He spoke to her. She looked at you with an odd expression, as if she were sizing you up.

"I think you can." You were glad you were accepted.

"Well," he started, "this doctor was called in on this childbirth case and there was only a half-wit to help him . . ."

"I've heard it," you interrupted. That was rude, but you had heard it. It was a little bawdy and not too funny. "I'm sorry," you added. "That was pretty rude, but I really have heard it before." He didn't look sore, only startled.

"Want another drink?" you asked. Her glass was empty. Yours too.

"No." She looked at the dime sized watch on her wrist. "I think we'd better be going."

"Yes," Dick agreed. "We have to get to Allentown before midnight." You never found out why.

"It's been awfully nice seeing you," you told her as they went out. "Goodbye." That you meant. Then you went home and felt like hell.

So there you were. It had been nice to see her again, but it only made it worse. It only made you keep on looking at every small figured girl to see if she had her face, and keep on watching the paper to see what she was doing, and keep on trying to think up reasons to call her up, and keep thinking about her.

But always in the back of your head the thought that you are licked before you start while Dick, a good kid, is in there ahead of you. And you always feel pretty sure, when you think calmly about it, that to her, he's in and she's never given a second thought in a serious way, but why be calm about it.

But the years and semesters fall against each other and are lost and by next year you will remember only that you were very much in love from March until December but what she looked like and how you felt will be forgotten.

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Spirit of the Mountain

by Walter Vogelsberg '41

TERE is something up here on the mountain. I can't tell you what it is in so many words, but I have been down to see you in the valley. I have been in your libraries and your homes and your universities and your lecture halls. Yes, I have been in your churches. This something on the hill does not seem to seep into your buildings so easily. They are a wall that frightens it.

I find that you often have to lure it with music, even to your churches. Up here on the mountain I have never had to beckon to it. It is always here, around me. The little brook blurbs it to me as it runs down from the top. It runs into the valley too, and it keeps saying it, but you make too much noise down there to hear it.

This something on the mountain doesn't like people. A whole lot of nature lovers came up one day and looked at the little stretch of brook and babbled about how beautiful it was, but I think they were mocking it. Then they picked some flowers and went away. And it was a long while till the something came back.

There is only one time when it does not run away from people. That is only when the little girl from the valley comes up to see me. But she does not talk and make it uncomfortable. She just comes and looks at the brook and the rocks, and the grass, and the poor dead leaves, but she doesn't say anything. Once in awhile she holds my hand and then I know that she senses this something on the mountain that is afraid of the valley.

When she comes again I will give her this to take to you, because I want you to know why I am still here. If you want to come to see this something on the mountain you had better make the trip in solitude.

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Youth and Democracy . . .

from page nine

vocation of the bill that cut the N. Y. A. appropriations and kept many students out of college this term. Believing that civics courses should enable students to understand the workings of the government, and that at present the courses taught do not do this; the A. S. U. brings current political issues to the attention of the student body and attempts to interpret and understand them.

The A. S. U. has at various times been falsely attacked as an emmisary of Moscow; i. e. a socialistic, communistic, bolshevistic organization, principally concerned with the overthrowing of the government. The absurdity of this becomes evident to any one who takes five minutes to acquaint himself with the principles and ideals of the organization. The A. S. U. does not believe in and has no sympathy for communism, or any of the other "isms", However, in accordance with its platform of tolerance, the A. S. U. makes no distinction among its members with respect to their religious or political beliefs.

Knowing nothing what ever about the A. S. U. prior to the convention the optimism and energy the committees displayed was a surprise to us. To come from under an idea-proof, ivy-clad bell jar into a brisk new atmosphere where people are thinking and acting as though interested in the world about them is bound to be in the nature of a revelation. It is easy to be cynical - - - - " England and France have sold out, we'll be next; I've got my island picked" or to be smug, "Let them fight it out; they can't touch us over here" But to believe that our government is worth having and to believe this strongly enough to get out and work so that we can keep on having it is not so easy. The fact that 20,000 students, members of high school and college A. S. U. chapters, are taking positive social action and are filled with optimism about the future of this democracy of ours makes us, who have been long exposed to dreary and scholastic pessimism feel pretty swell. It makes us want to join this bunch of youngsters. It makes us want to start an A. S. U. chapter at Lehigh.

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No Education . . .

from page eleven

eer told me rather whimsically that there were so many things that he'd like to read up on with some degree of thoroughness, but he was forced to trot around after the professor and the rest of the class like a little puppy who was too small to wag his own tail. But, as I've mentioned before, most of the engineers take to the puppy act very readily and seem perfectly nappy.

There is so much room on this sphere for energetic minds and vigorous thought. A youth whose sole virtue rests in his likeness to an encyclopedia is heaping knowledge on top of a world that is collapsing from an abundance of knowledge and a lack of the thinking powers to dispose of the accumulating weight.

NYA . . .

from page eight

that Naegely does is testing the chair arms in room 301 Packer. It seems they have a bad tendency not to work, thus cutting down the quiz seating capacity of the room.

Working in the same office but on quite a different type of project are Norman Morse and George Kelly. These boys are assisting Registrar Curtis in his untiring quest to solve the Shakespeare - Bacon mystery. They are taking pictures of individual letters (magnified 1600 times) from first editions of Shakespeare. They then touch up the pictures so that only the imprint of the raised portion of type remains. From these photos they are trying to find a code.

Just one flight of stairs above the registrar's office is that of admissions. Here work Frank Rabold (not much during football season), Russ Kowalyshyn and Charles Kiefer. Frank is a-sort-of official guide. He takes visitors around the campus pointing out the more interesting spots. He finds the walking up South Mountain pretty good exercise and anyway he meets nice people. The other two workers help in the office, compiling statistics and sending out "come to Lehigh" propaganda.

Among the interesting N. Y. A. jobs off the campus is that held by Bill Hallow, a graduate student, who

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NYA . . .

from page twenty-four

works at the city's Boys' Club. Hallow is doing vocational guidance work and some of what he calls psychoclinical work. This he explains as taking boys who have maladjustments and trying to straighten them out. He gives the boys questionnaires and later questions them further to determine the cause of the maladjustments. He then tries to fit these boys into the Club's program for correction and re-education.

Also working at the Club is Bill Groeger who has organized and leads a hill-billy band. A few other Lehigh men teach wrestling, games and also supervise activities.

Similar work is being done at the YMCA and at the Community Center. Lehigh men act as life guards at the Center pool and also help in game room and gym supervision. Bob Stern also works at the Center. His job is to teach a class of children the rudiments of the Hebrew language.

At the Association for the Blind are Charles Pulsford and Bill Freeman. Both help in the office, and in addition Freeman reads assignments for a blind high school girl. Ed McDonough also reads for Anthony Monone, blind Lehigh student.

Other N. Y. A. jobs include work in the library where students act as desk attendants and do cataloging. In the athletic department students do office work and help in game supervision. Other secretarial helpers are in the dean's office, the journalism and publicity offices, and in the offices of the professors in the various departments.

N. Y. A. workers also help keep machinery and apparatus clean and in working order in the labs throughout the school. An example of this is the work done by John Sabol in the biology lab. John repairs, paints, and keeps in working order the incubators and distillation plants. John Kuczynski has included in his duties the feeding of Professor Trembley's pet snakes, mice, birds, etc.

Other N. Y. A. jobs include attendants for the art gallery, the Capehart phonograph in the chapel and the library's browsing room.

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The Night That He Cried In My Beer

From page four

on the fellas with real practical experience. Fellas like myself. Maybe I don't have no college degree tucked under my arm but by golly I got exl perience. Yes sir, I feel sorry for ya."

"Well, maybe."

"Yes sir, I feel sorry for you college fellas. Here, have a beer."

Two gangsters were escorting a member of a rival gang across a lonely field on a dark rainy night. "What rats you are," grumbled the doomed man, "making me walk through the rain like this."

"How about us?" growled one of the escorts, "we've got to walk back."

-Drexerd

Nurse: I think that college boy in 312 is regaining consciousness, doctor. He just tried to blow the foam off his medicine."—Punch Bowl.

An amoeba named Joe and his brother Went out drinking toasts to each other.

In the midst of their quaffing
They split their sides laughing
And found that each one was a mother!—Octopus.

"It takes guts to do this," said the moth as he popped on the windshield.

—Jack-o'-Lantern

Motor Cop: Hey you! Didn't you hear me say "pull over"?

Driver: Why I thought you said, "Good afternoon, Senator."

Motor Cop (smiling): Isn't it a warm day, today, Senator?—Octopus

Broadly speaking, a zipper is a contraption on which both sides are held apart separately at once, almost in the same fashion as they are held together jointly by that which runs in between and hooks them up to one another at the same time.

SO THERE IT WAS-

It happened in a large department store during a rush. The elevator was jammed, and the cables groaned.

The elevator rose slowly, and as it neared the third floor, a piercing scream caused the operator to stop the car midway. All eyes were cast on a large woman in a short seal jacket who wore an injured expression. A small boy, not yet of school age, stood directly behind her.

"I did it," he announced truculently. "It was in my face, so I bit it."

--Exchange



Momma, that new toy of mine isn't indestructible at all! Daddy stepped on it an' broke his neck!

HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!

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Is JANUARY NINTH!

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No—he's never going to grow up at all. If another war comes, he and his mother and thousands upon thousands like them are going to "die in action."

"Impossible!" you say. "They're non-combatants." Don't be silly—there'll be no such thing as non-combatants in the next war.

Wide-cruising submarines, and bombing planes will laugh at front lines. Incendiary bombs dropped from planes will set entire cities on fire. There will be no haven, no sanctuary, no safety. Everyone will suffer.

And for what? Glory—where was it in the last war?

Victory—where was it in the last peace?

With that cruel lesson still fresh in mind, is another war to be forced upon us—a war infinitely more horrible, more futile, and more lasting in its harm than the last?

That is for you to decide!

What to do about it

Today with talk of a coming war heard everywhere, Americans must stand firm in their determination that the folly of 1914-1918 shall not occur again. World Peaceways, a non-profit organization for public enlightenment on international affairs, feels that intelligent efforts can and must be made toward a secure peace. To this end you can do your share to build up a strong public opinion against war. Write today to World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

OMEN are the damnedest people," burst out my Uncle Edward.

"Why?" I asked innocently, anticipating one of my uncle's dissertations upon the female question.

"You can only talk to them in genniwalities." (My uncle was afflicted with a minor speech impediment, which he counteracted by his forceful delivery.) I c'n wemember my third wife, Mathilda. Gad! She was a dog! Meanest woman I ever did see! Can't tell why I ever did mawwy her. (My dear uncle never knew why he married anyone. Curious thing is, I never found out, either, what happened to his numerous wives. When I was small he told me that he wrapped them up in French newspapers and mailed them to Bismarck. I didn't know what to make of that. I always thought that Bismarck was some kind of herring my mother used to buy.)

"When I courted your Aunt Mathilda (Brrrr! What a bitch!) I used to tell her that she should be set up on a pedestal so that people could come fwom miles around to look at her. When we was mawwied she kept on thwowing that speech of mine in my face. Chwist! I wish I'd never of said it. So I explained to her carefully that what I meant was that she'd make a fortune for any sideshow. That was when I found out what a bitch she weally was."

"The trouble with you, Uncle, is that you just don't know how to handle women, that's all." I winked at my father who had been reading the same page of the book since my uncle began. My father used to get the bulletins from the Patent Office out of the library every month or whenever they came out. Every time he saw an invention which he had thought of before, he'd draw a big circle around the offending section, and letter the page in his best India ink: "To whom it may concern: This idea was originally designed by Henry Wilcoxson and appears here without his permission. Thank you." Then he'd sign his name with a flourish and keep on looking for more of his ideas. The library never found out about it.

My uncle was a good deal smarter than I. He ignored my question completely. The wonderful thing about my uncle was that he had the upper hand in every conversation. He was very despotic that way.

"You know something, George," he said to me with a voice of warning,

"For God's sake be mighty careful of a woman's notions. There ain't a woman on this blessed earth who at one time or another don't get herself attached to one of the goddamnedest fool notions that you ever heard of. I had a wife once named Helvetia. She was a quiet critter. Very pwetty. Had a face just like one of the most beautiful cows you ever did see. But she took up with one of these here fool notions. Woman suffrage she called it. She went plumb insane. Wouldn't talk to me because I called it a harebrained notion of some old female crackpots. Let the women vote, I say, and this here country is shot to Hell. I hope to God Congwess never sinks low enough to pass it. (My uncle couldn't keep quite up to date with the news. He says that the modern newspapers can't print the truth because they have to please so many people. The only man he had ever trusted for the news was the old mail carrier,

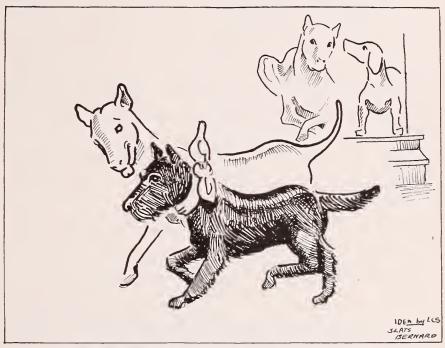
me and said, "Maybe women hadn't ought to bite off more than they could chew." All of a sudden my mother ran out of the room, said something was burning. My father seemed to be suffering with a sudden coughing spell.

"Gosh uncle," I said, fearing the worst for my unknown Aunt Helvetia, "What did you do to her?"

"I don't think you'd understand, son," said my Uncle Edward. "It was just something between your Aunt Helvetia and me."

—H. J. L.

A friend of ours from Princeton swears to this as the gospel truth. It all happened in one of the town's lunch rooms. There was a little old lady of a definite type seated at the counter nibbling around the corners of a lettuce sandwich. In walks a rather healthy young blond wench who was evidently in a great hurry.



"The story sounds almost unbelievable, but they say her grandfather sired Man O' War."

Caleb, but he died some twenty-thirty years ago.)

"Well," my uncle continued, "I decided I might as well reason this thing out with her, beings as she was such a fine cook. I told her, sure I would recognize the equal rights of women to vote, if she would accept equal rights in the other things around the house. Sure, she said, I'll do that. Well, there was one thing she didn't figure on. I fixed her all right. In about two weeks she looked kind of tired and she came over to

She sat down beside the L. O. L. and ordered a sandwich. With nervous gestures she lighted a cigarette and puffed vigorously, incidentally sending all the smoke in the face of the suffering old lady. The L.O.L.'s face grew tighter and tighter until finally she swung around to the astonished blond and said in a clear voice, "Young lady, I would rather commit adultery than smoke a cigarette!"

The blonde nodded amiably and said, "So would I sister, but right now I'm in a hurry."

One of the class of '37 told us about his sister whose present position is in one of the public schools in New York City. Seems that she comes from one of the better schools and wasn't prepared for the conditions she encountered among the children. One little boy in particular came to school with an odor that was little short of stifling. Several times she spoke to the child after class. each time impressing upon him the need for cleanliness. Her pleas were in vain, and after a few weeks the little fellow was getting pretty ripe. In desperation she penned a note to the child's mother imploring her cooperation. No answer. ..gain she too!; pen in hand and whipped off a note threatening the mother with disciplinary measure if the condition was not improved with some soap and

Three days later, in the middle of a serious discussion on George Washington she was interrupted by a huge lady, who wanted to know what the hell the teacher meant by sending letters home. Embarrassed no little, our young teacher explained as best she could that the child's odor was oftensive. In a voice, terrifying in its accusation, the proud parent defended her child and warned the girl not to go sticking her fool nose into other people's odors. Taking the child by the hand she marched out of the room, pausing at the door to turn around and sneer. Glaring at the poor girl, who by this time was shaking, she said in an awful voice, "The trouble with you damned teachers is, you don't know what a man smells like!"

Led by a harrassed looking general, the tired troops were pounding down the road. The general spied a farmer.

"Hey, there! How far is it to Boone-ville?"

"Ten miles, I reckon."

After half an hour's walk in the broiling sun, the general spied a small store at a crossroads. The store-keeper was lounging outside.

"About how far is it to Boone-ville?"

"Only ten miles now, I think."

An hour later the procession met a passing hay wagon. With a glazed look in his eyes, the general asked the question.

"I don't think it's more than ten miles now."

The general faced his troops. "Carry on, men. By God, we're holding our own."

ANNOUNCEMENT:

After having been twice postponed, three months delayed and changed in title and content,

SPEECH FOR THE YOUNG

first book of poems and camera work by Louis C. Stoumen, Editor of the Lehigh Review, will finally (and this time, definitely) be ready for subscribers to the limited edition late in January. Shortly thereafter the regular edition will go on sale at the Supply Bureau. Speech for the Young of America
The Two Selves
Hymn for Peroxide Blondes
These of Our Time

CONTEN

Camera Work
The Gray Nude
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The Well-Fed Artist
Aldous Huxley (7)
Mother Bloor (5)
The Social Scene (10)



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STUDENTS

If

- You want points for Pi Delt, O. D. K., Cyanide
- You want to be a campus leader
- You are interested in writing, art or photography
- You could use some honoraria (money to you)

Then: Come out for the Lehigh Review.







